

And later that night she was with Joe.  
It happened in the worst way, I was reading in front of a huge group,  
front of the group, and I glanced up to see reading

up to  
and I glance u to see  
them together. Ugh. Yeah. I finished reading, then  
proceed to freak out. Direct parallels  
between Sophie & Michelle. I had control. Lost control. Sentiment  
betrayed. lost belief in girl's words. I snuck down to  
heights. floor to her. I felt like I'd meant nothing. I  
told her it was really inconsiderate of her. I mean, if

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|                                                                                                                                                                                   |                            |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| <b>Nutrition Facts</b>                                                                                                                                                            |                            |
| Serving Size 40 PIECES (40g)                                                                                                                                                      |                            |
| Servings Per Container About 5 1/2                                                                                                                                                |                            |
| <b>Amount Per Serving</b>                                                                                                                                                         | <b>% Daily Value*</b>      |
| <b>Calories 160</b>                                                                                                                                                               | <b>Calories from Fat 0</b> |
| <b>Total 0g</b>                                                                                                                                                                   | <b>0%</b>                  |
| <b>Fat 0g</b>                                                                                                                                                                     | <b>0%</b>                  |
| <b>Serol 0mg</b>                                                                                                                                                                  | <b>0%</b>                  |
| <b>0mg</b>                                                                                                                                                                        | <b>0%</b>                  |
| <b>bohydrate 39g</b>                                                                                                                                                              | <b>13%</b>                 |
| <b>ly Fiber 0g</b>                                                                                                                                                                | <b>0%</b>                  |
| <b>rs 38g</b>                                                                                                                                                                     |                            |
| <b>0g</b>                                                                                                                                                                         |                            |
| <b>0% • Vitamin C 0%</b>                                                                                                                                                          |                            |
| <b>0% • Iron 0%</b>                                                                                                                                                               |                            |
| *Values (DV) are based on a 2,000<br>but daily values may be higher or<br>lower on your calorie needs.                                                                            |                            |
| <b>Calories: 2,000</b>                                                                                                                                                            | <b>2,500</b>               |
| <b>Less than 65g</b>                                                                                                                                                              | <b>60g</b>                 |
| <b>Less than 20g</b>                                                                                                                                                              | <b>25g</b>                 |
| <b>Less than 300mg</b>                                                                                                                                                            | <b>300mg</b>               |
| <b>Less than 2,400mg</b>                                                                                                                                                          | <b>2,400mg</b>             |
| <b>hydrate 300g</b>                                                                                                                                                               | <b>375g</b>                |
| <b>fiber 25g</b>                                                                                                                                                                  | <b>30g</b>                 |
| <b>grams</b>                                                                                                                                                                      |                            |
| <b>bohydrate 4 • Protein 4</b>                                                                                                                                                    |                            |
| <b>ES: SUGAR, CORN SYRUP, CORN<br/>ATTIN, MODIFIED FOOD<br/>TURAL &amp; ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS,<br/>JUMS (GUMS ARABIC &amp;<br/>DEC COLORS (RED 3, RED 40,<br/>YELLOW 6, BLUE 1).</b> |                            |

# Necco



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course. I did tell her that I enjoyed talking to  
her ~~more~~ more than anything, which she appreciated  
But I remember thinking this early on in, "So she  
likes But I remember thinking this early on in, "So she likes  
him more so he makes her ~~happy~~ happy. I ~~can~~ say.  
him more. So he makes her happier than I could.  
So he's better than me in every way. But I swear, he'll  
never love her more than I do. It's stupid. It's je  
It's pathetic. I know. But it's truer than fucking doves, man.  
Fucking doves. \* \* \* Truer than fucking do

Johnny + Marie

2000, JULY

Yeah, that didn't work oh.. I forgot morning  
to mention her chaotic-ass signals. Just that morning we  
had held hands. Just half an hour later she ~~be~~ pushed  
my hand away. ~~away~~ So anyway, the conversation at  
hand.. she said, "I just think that we should  
step before one of us falls in love w/ the other." I  
asked her if she thought she was capable of that



this girl-

so, purpose #1 of this letter is to tell you how totally amazing you are. every time i see you, i realize more + more how totally incredible yr politics are, in the first place (whoa, misuse of that term - sorry). you are so constant w/ making connections + being critically vigilant + that totally rules. in addition, midwest pride is the best. beyond that, this letter just gets dorkier. i like that you have also dated too many post riot - grrrr! kids, + how it took you like 10 minutes to get yr sweatshirt off yesterday, + that you hate the word peace, + that you do + - committee + don't magically lose yr politics when you are there, + that you get dead prez + dead kennedys confused, + that you are super hot, + that you are not always fully appropriate, + that you are fun + interesting + engaging + rad.

so this is sort of the type of note i would write even if i didn't have a crush on you. but i do + i'm a dork so i had to say something. i hope that dc is totally excellent + that you don't get unnecessarily arrested. you are a good kid + i will talk to you later.



Elizabeth

I smiled  
meanly  
at Andy today.  
He said "you're real  
cool gadget, lego and  
I replied "No I'm  
not." So Andy says  
"yah you got  
done first, without  
a calculator. You're  
real great!" I then  
at swimming he's  
all smiling and I  
every thing, so I  
hit him on the head  
with my kick board. Oh well  
\*gadget

4 5 95  
Dear Diary,  
Andy is getting  
to be a big problem.  
He can't like me. I'm  
totally devoted to leu.  
He's my true love.  
Andy is kind of cute,  
not outrageous,  
cute like I  
love but I  
hate his  
attitude.



(addie, age 19)

I admit to being vaguely confused about life at the moment, so i intend to use this typewriter to its full advantage- to ~~spew~~, to think & to write without thinking...here it goes: A-----x i am not ready to spew about that one yet. i am glad of what has happened/is happening between us, but i am also pretty damn donfused about all of this. everything goes up against my traditional qualifiers. up equals down, and this fucking typewriter has no equals sign. i feel like this is a ~~worx~~ whirlwind into my life, to throw me off kilter, and it will leave, like any tornado, houses pickedu p and re-mis-placed in its wake, or perhaps smashed into pieces. is this good, to smash and rebuild the self? I am not certain ywet. there are so many things i hold to be true, adn then i question them, ~~andxx~~ and question them and they are abandoned/complicated/confused, but in the end i feel that i always return to the same thing. or perhaps it would be more accurate to say i remembered some~~xx~~thing i had known before in my being, but had forgotten for the greater part of my life. it was there all along, although i know i've changed. but i believe in the constant synthesis of self, to the pointx where one self is no longer distinguishable from the others, and i spelling everything wrong now, which means i'm finally thinking god, this is so necessary. there is such a fucking beautiful world out there, why do we question our right to be happy? STELLA- so beautiful. i see her questioning, and i'm not sure why. if there was ever anyone who knew in her g;ut who she was i think it would be stella. why has she stped trusting herself? we are all caught in this whirlpool of over-analysis, but in our guts, i truly believe we know what's right adn teh question is how to remain attunde to that, al the time, our guiding principle, north star. and i am remembering revelations, and wishing emily was here, although for once this letter is not for her or becca or andrew and i do not know what that means, when i consider that i have always written, thought and loved for someone else. am i finally learn~~ng~~g to separate myself? in the morning none of this may make sense and that's ok, i feel feverish, as if i can't type fast enough adn god doesn't speak through text-books and classes, but ~~xxxx~~ it's there always. look around you, can't you feel ~~ix~~ it? it's so exciting and i feel like i may be consumed and exploded in the majesty of it all, and the rhythm of my keys typing is trancelike. i have never ~~xx~~Red so fast. there is so much to get out, so much ~~xxxxxx~~

Today when George was talking about being trans, I started to cry. I'm not even feeling emotional! right now, it's just that trans issues are really picing me right now. But then again, I dressed up + went out tonight wearing a dress + necklace. No to the makeup though. But I also felt a little uncomfortable. I do identify as woman sometimes. I do. But also boy maybe. Sometimes. What a genderfuck! And, I realize this is a personal issue, but I also wish I had someone to talk to about this. I don't know anyone ~~there~~ very well (though I have had some really great conversations lately) and my friends @ home, awesome though they are, don't even have a clue what trans means. I've talked about it a bit w/Brad, he was really supportive. Good, I'm so glad Brad's my friend. But ~~oh~~ hm, way too much thinking.

10:13:00

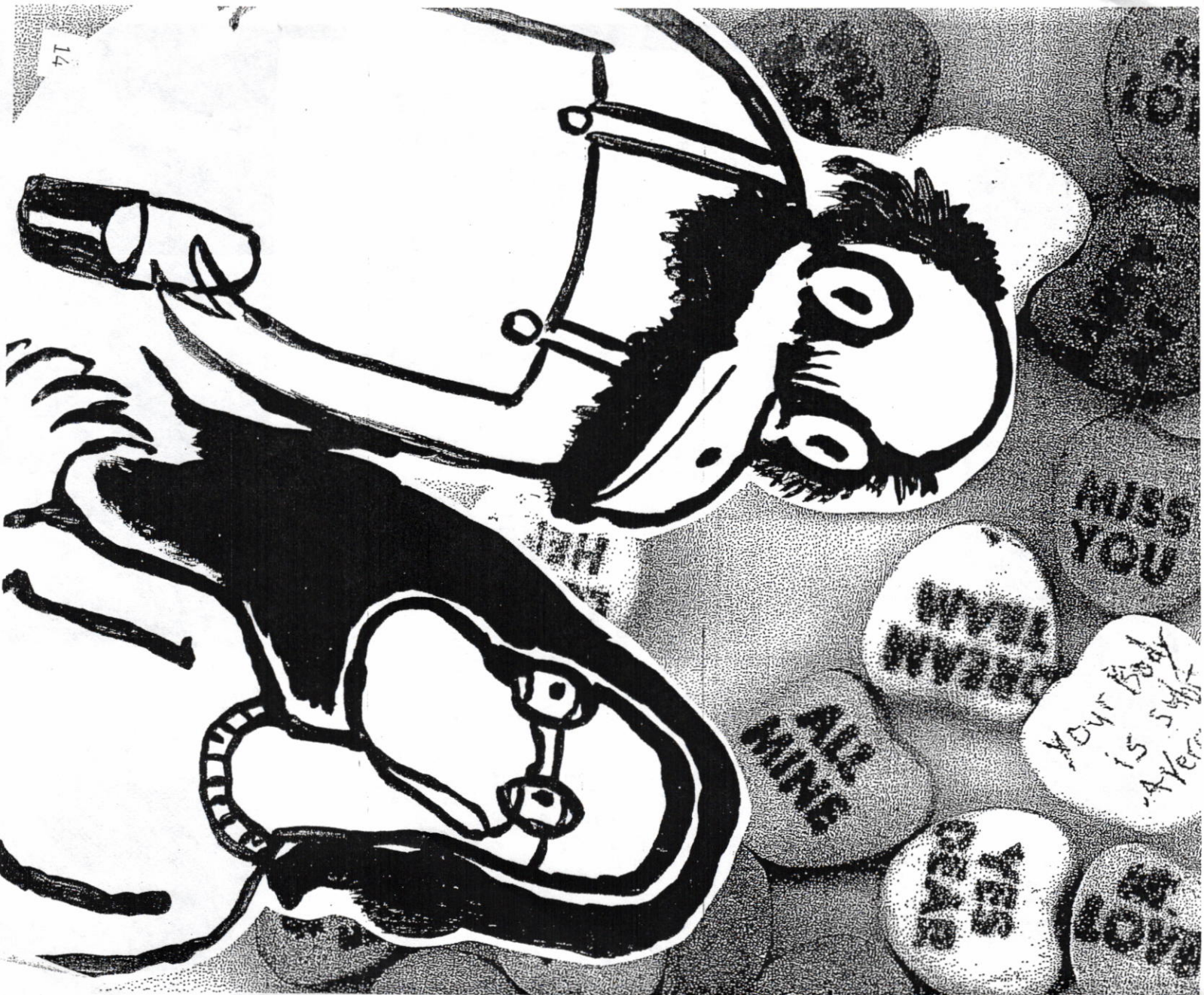


in 8th grade the Ouija board said I'd lose my virginity @ 19.

So. Yeah. Jack & I had sex tonight. Officially I'm not a virgin. De f'ckin' f'cked. Man, it kinda hurt for a bit @ first. Then it was alright but always a bit uncomfortable. But I think it'll get better. I wish Jack & I were living in the same town for more than 5 days so we could actually get decent @ the whole sex thing. Still, though, I'm glad I lost my virginity to him.

that has to be done and i am not doing it (a no fucking exclamation point on this keyboard, goddam) i am not doing it. it is there though, adn i know it, and although i may not know what it is i know it is not this and thus i have no excuse. except sometimes i am amazed and the people around me guide me better than any tree or guru and i am so amazed by them. and i am so in love with andrew. i am now in this moment, fully and it means nothing and i want nothing. it is, he is, the same as it has always been, and i have always loved him infinitely, although it occurred to me, -- that there are places i would draw the line regarding him and that is good to know. but i don't know if that is because of what i think i need or what i think is best for him. also...also, i don't know. he is the worst thing ever for me in some ways, in terms of men, and i don't know what that is either, i don't know what any of this is, but let's take it to the particular adn be rid of the symbolic. it is what it is, and if that's not inspiring to you than no metaphor will ever make it more so. i renounce him now, forever, only to draw him up again. because that's what i need to do, that's how i was made, and i DO believe there are things integral to one's being, and i will not give up on love just yes my precepts of love, philosophized though they are, and all this philosophizing just draws us further away from reality and i still don't know what i'm doing but my hands are mistyping too much now and my back starts to get sore from bending over this machine so i will stop here.





Salma came over again the day before yesterday & stayed until 1:30 pm (on a school night!!) We snuggled & had lots of fun & talked about kissing but decided it was not a good idea while I'm dating Tom. And the other day I had a wild a bit of fun hanging out with Tom. But Salma! Well - I.

4-26-00

5-1-00

My well, things are finally semi-resolved. I broke up w/ Tom (gay) and Salma & I decided to remain platonic (she likes Jimmy) but we'll go to Prom together (fun). So, I'm back to square one.



4-23-00

Oh! Tonight Salma Hayek & I kissed. It was my first ever girl kiss and you would think that girl kisses would be the same as boy kisses because we all have mouths and tongues but it's not. They're different. Her lips were smaller and she was shorter and I could feel and touch the curves of her body pressing against the curves of my body. And better. But I'm still insecure about my capabilities because she's kissed girls before. But we had a good time <sup>smoozing</sup> smoozing.

- too. Then, I guess I'm still dating Tom Cruise though which means I'm bad (oops) but I don't think I'll tell him about this one-time wonderful thing. Especially because he used to like Salma & that would hurt him more to know. But I am so gay. I mean, to the same extent as anyone. I am bisexual (humans are beautiful!) but I like girls! And not only am I attracted to them physically, but I also feel emotionally & mentally in sync w/ them. I guess, someday, an awesome gay could sweep me off my feet, and that's okay too, but I'm pretty sure I like girls. It feels so right, so natural, so woman of the earth.

## "summer flings"

14 May

Your hand on my belly moving up and down with my forefinger tips above your pounding heart. I can't see, I can't hear but I feel your warm your body the not so distant heavenly bodies of Philadelphia skyline glowing with the sick orange beauty of urban decay laid out before us shivering and passing a 40 on top of empty oil container talking ourselves into what we both already know is going to happen. Lightning strikes, trains rattle by, bicycle wheels churn us towards home, towards perfect kisses in your womb like room. I like you parentness dot dot dot.

21 May

he told me meeting me was like finding something amazing by the side of the road that's too big to drag home.

17 June

What he said was: I don't wanna be too close but maybe sometime we should give the whole love thing a try. A few hours earlier she had told me everything thinks I'm gonna break his heart. 2 nights earlier I had said 'can I kiss you?' and it was gentle and beautiful and electric from anticipation and maybe it was all because almost a month earlier he had said: I'm in a dangerous and vulnerable emotional state, I'm afraid I'm gonna fall in love on this trip which would suck cuz I don't wanna move back to the west coast. and by the time you both see it coming it's too late to ~~get~~ out of the way. we went together to get tattoos. his is a freight train and mine is the dumbest thing I've ever done to impress a boy.



# "this girl"



Baraka -

day: Tuesday  
date: May 26  
time:

So I guess this is it. This is your last week at St. Catherine's. (I think I'm gonna cry!) Well, just in case you're in any doubt whatsoever, and before Mrs. Eitter catches me, I'd just like to say, (write) that I'm gonna miss you a lot. Honestly, I have no idea why. (just kidding!) Well anyway, I'm not trying to get you all guilty for leaving, but I just wanted to tell you how I feel - before it's too late. I'm sad you're leaving (I mean, do you realize that this may be the last time I'll actually see you and talk to you!), but I'm happy for you - graduating and finally "getting outta here!" I'm glad that you came to St. and that I had a chance to fall for you (3 times). Cuch! (get it? Cuch? - Fall?) Anyway, falling for you (along with how many other girls?) was an adventure. We broke up 2 times, but I'm

i G L A D i



"random excerpts from my diary, ages thirteen thru eighteen, going backwards."

...It seems as if my whole existence has been sucked back into the physical. I'm sorry I can't sing with all the colors of the wind. Am I happy now? Goodnight and to the days of lesser fuckulence. I'm going to the forests of North Carolina to become a lesbian protest organizer and fuck Sara fuck James fuck Chet and fuck them all! Once again my sexual desire for males has rotted and been replaced by only desire for Sarah. I feel like we are holding him back and being selfish because we just want him for our own uses and miseries and it is making him miserable. I am so sick and fucking tired of being used by everyone and never getting a say in my own life. Like it was this horrible stressful thing that I should go to the bathroom, and he said oh lord! like I was so self-centered and untrustworthy that I wouldn't come out on time or maybe I was taking a secret passage away from the bathroom to Susan's office so I would get away from him. Obviously, she is in love with him. Also, the truth is that I really don't care anymore about all this suicidal bullshit, etc. I really have lost the capacity to feel emotion at the core so although I am hurt depressed angry in love etc. on the outside, on the inside I am cold and stone detached from the higher metaphysical pleasures of life and feeding and sleeping like an animal. Hello Journal number two, I hereby begin you. I hope this journal will provide as interesting a chronicle of my life as the last one and detail as bright and painful a panorama of human existence as my life has turned out to be. I want to spend this year strengthening friendships and with any luck, flirting or having male friends at least. And I want to dance with boys at homecoming. So here I am again, sober and star-fallen and ready to begin my awful life once more. I greet the future with this horrible freedom and this horrible yearning. How can someone go seventeen years without a boyfriend? Also in my dream I had lots of books and was swimming over to some guy in a swamp and accidentally stuck my finger up his nose so he grabbed my boob. I do remember telepathic spiders. Or would that be too close to honesty that leads to anti-feeling? So far, however, I have

isobel, highschool

delirium

-9/21/2000

everything you do makes me feel like i'm so filled with happiness that i'll explode soon and it erupts out of me in bubbles of laughter and you're so beautiful that sometimes i need to look away before i overflow with adoration

when you smile and laugh at my antics and mannerisms i can't contain my glee at the thought of making you happy - the sight of you with such mirth written across your face, your composure lost for a few moments (or more) while you smile with utter delight and i revel in your beautiful smile

you tell me of the poignancy and aura i have but we both know that it's been lost (at least for the time being) as i now can't control my urges to laugh and dance and babble and rejoice - but we also know that the calm i adored the first time i saw you has been (at least partially) lost while you break into a smile when you look at my face like it's the most wondrous thing you've ever seen each day we try to find new ways to tell each other how amazed and crazy and upturned we feel about one another: we are insane changed overthrown overjoyed delirious



selfish

-4/8/2001

i miss him terribly. but i know it's really just the thought of him that i'm missing. in truth if i still had him, i'd just be exasperated and hurt. the happy moments were few and far between, required too much effort. which pisses me off to say, because i'm not the one to abandon something just because it's hard. i think i ignored my unhappiness for so long because i hated the idea of giving up- i was determined to make it work. but you can't change who you are. i will always want someone to adore me and love me and above all others and lavish attention on me. selfish ~~xxx~~ is the word i think. and he will always be forgetful and reticent. that last night, he told me ~~xxxxxxx~~ things i had never imagined were so, but it was too late. it is an awful feeling to know that you can't do anything to ease your loved one's pain. i miss his smell of marlboro and black leather, and how he ran his fingers through my hair. and the showers we took together and sleeping on his dad's bed to the sounds of wish you were here. but i don't miss sitting along ~~xxx~~ waiting for him to call, or being stood up for the third day in a row. i don't miss the heart-breaking feeling of unimportance. like i didn't matter. i get along fine without him, but once in a while i let doubt creep in and grab hold of my heart. but there will be other loves. let it go... no regrets.

I  
Love  
Will!

sometimes  
I want  
to look like,  
act like, and  
be like  
Lucy.  
I'm jealous

I am  
truly  
happy

hello!  
I'm in 8th grade  
now! Mew!  
It's been a while.  
The year is 1999  
I love this  
Pen! Ta Ta.

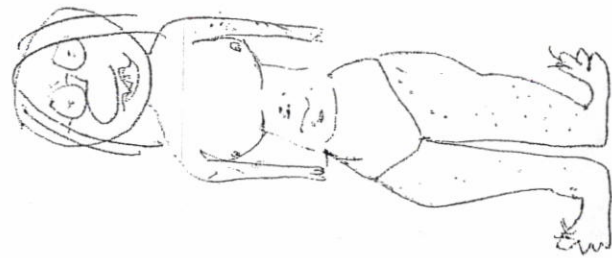
-AMY-



6<sup>th</sup> Grade

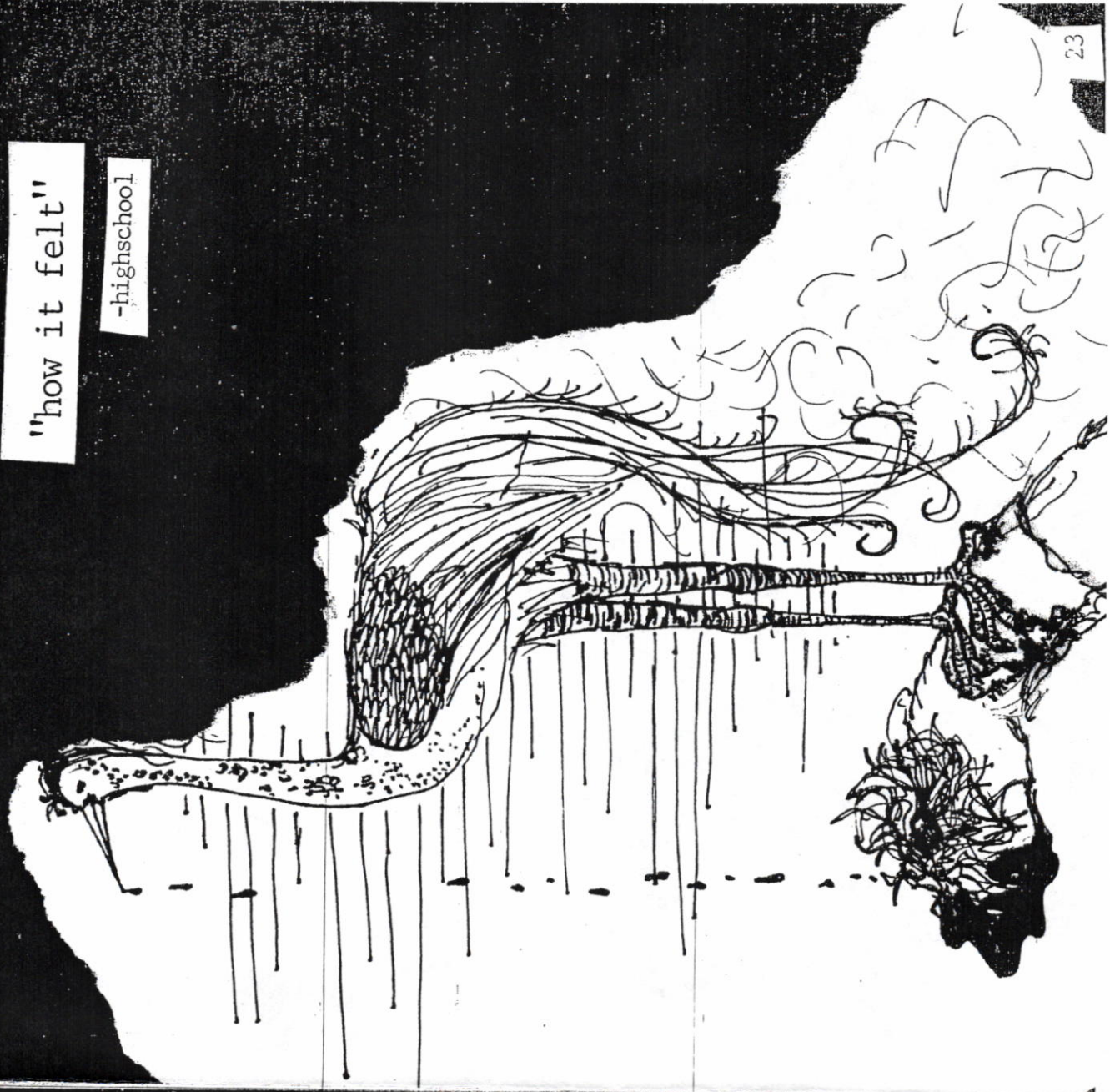
Boys

1. Will!
2. Alex S.
3. Mason



Do boys  
think I'm  
pretty?  
Does  
anyone?

Amy,  
you're  
beautiful  
Just look  
at yourself  
Closely!



"how it felt"

-highschool



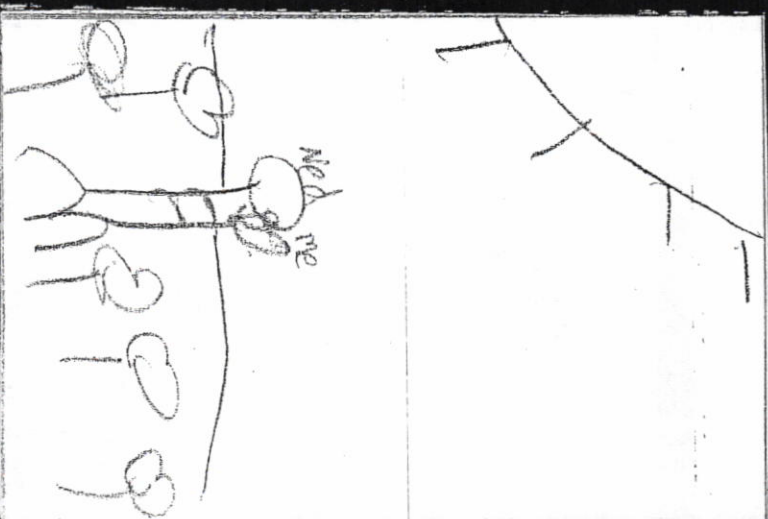
2-21-01

For the past seven hours my bed has been full of you & me and now it looks cold and sad and lonely. My room's so cold at night. ~~becc's~~ Jack was here. Falling in love is just a name, the descriptions just as weird as love or to Be or proclaiming to not believe in love. It's really all the same, and so good. amazing. it's only I can say, but I can say it over & over & over again.

robyn banks

(highschool and on)

66  
AMY  
93





jack to mtn girl  
olympia, WA  
spring 04

This the first moon since you've been gone,  
slipped off into the darkness as you do,  
night-eyes glowing, like that mysterious cat  
that growled outside our tent our last night together  
now you're prowling up those strange watersheds,  
that jungle so many miles from yr wet green  
valley home. I suspected you would hear that call  
of the night and plunge off into the thick  
as you have so many times before.

You were never one to live in cities,  
never one to stay still,  
you're more like the water that blessed me and passed on,  
following the curve of the earth,  
the ruts in rock,

xxx water that oldest road.

So in this clear moonlight

I appreciate these paths and places you showed me  
back xxx when the water was locked in crystal  
and a white carpet covered our moonlit forest.

Yeah I know I'm all about heartbreak these days, i  
kindof like it, the abstraction and the way you can say  
'well ain't that just life. though' and feel really human, and  
fuck yeah! to every old country song. I can see how  
some people make it a hobby. And there's always  
something. Someone you want, maybe just for selfish  
reasons or maybe because they set your heart on fire and  
remind you of something you forgot. So while we're  
afraid of so many things, and long for so many things,  
and realize how difficult it is to survive, how we're constantly  
fighting against our own atrophy and complacency. how as  
soon as we think we've got something for sure we've got  
to change it before it gets old, there are these sparkly new  
words and loves and adventure. Someone keeps reminding me  
of that. Is that love then? Not without the confessional,  
saying something to someone from the heart - now why is that  
the scariest thing ever? who taught us to fear being so alive?  
How else are we ever gonna learn how to not be lonely? Huh? =  
It's that vulnerability that is so beautiful. Even in the worst  
situations, intimacy, vulnerability, honesty - part of the most perfect  
breakup, and I think that's what made it bearable. Even if I  
didn't particularly like the direction this conversation is heading. the  
disillusionment and everything. I like those emotions, it's more real than  
an afternoon of TV or something, and it felt at the time so  
inevitable that I might, no well just appreciate, from a distance, how  
powerful all those emotions can be. So fuck off if you don't see  
some beauty in that. It's not even really so bad, hardly at all  
anymore, just a few times during the day. Wake up from a dream,  
longing rises in the morning. and leaves by noon. goals. On to the next  
one.

-summer 2003-





No one ever died of a broken heart....  
until now.

Oct. 25

Q: How is sexual attraction like the  
price of stock?

A: It varies with supply and demand!





"Bo"

age 17

I remember the day you told me that you almost went to California the night before. I wondered, if you would have called me, but knew that you wouldn't have. You didn't even have my number. I was already in love with you by then, so I guess I decided right there that I would never let myself plan out anything in my head, in my dreams, that included you, because I'd never know when you'd decide to leave. You're like a nomad at heart, which is a good thing to be, but I just had to make sure I started out knowing that I couldn't get too attached to you. That makes it convenient for me, in my plan to never tell you that I love you. I really don't need to say those words to you, anyway. They're not adequate, really, just better left unsaid. I wouldn't feel satisfied trying to tie down what I feel for you with words. The fact that I love you is just a given if I didn't I wouldn't have bothered looking at you for weeks. I hope that didn't freak you out.

day:

date:

time:

that I'm the one with you at the end. (you know you should feel really special right now because I'm usually not this bold!) you know I should consider myself lucky - that you asked me out again - after ~~that~~ I dumped you. Even though now - I think it was one of the stupidest things I've ever done in my life. (Really.) and, that Mrs. Ritter hasn't caught me writing this to you yet. Since I'm usually not this lucky, I should stop. Talk to you later. I love you. (I'm saying this, even though it's not to your face!)

Love,

Michelle

—♡



Baraka -

I am soooooo dissapointed in you!  
 If you love someone you don't go and  
 hold hands with someone else! Does  
 michelle go around all lovey-dovey  
 holding hands with Carlos - NO! 'cause  
 she loves you! and your little  
 poems aren't helping! Oh yeah  
 by the way - she doesn't feel like  
 talking to you and wasting her  
 recess on something that didn't  
 have to happen!

Michelle!  
 she doesn't  
 want to be  
 mean - its  
 just some  
 thing + she  
 since I w:  
 on a rot

- Bianca

Don't worry, I'll  
 talk to you.

- Michelle





so American. It was entertaining, but sparked no hidden fires, no poetry or song. Entertainment. Bah! But I couldn't decide to adn then when I did go back he was gone so I swung on the swings and felt so cold and stupid. But what could I have said? What could I have said? My candles are soggy and unlit, and I know from my extrme lack of ~~xxx~~ romance and wild passionate fantasies of it that if a boy kissed me I might die from the flame that would burst so immediately inside me. I used to try and run in all my dreams ~~xxx~~ but it was like I was running in water so I never got anywhere. Now I think I can run fine but never do. There was a lot of blood and gore and he chopped mom up into hamburger adn Carlene too and then he was getting ready to rape me and he had this large knife to stick inside me...I have bran flakes and dirty ~~xxxxx~~ nails. Oh well, he was kinda fat anyway. In the morning I will regret this and cry. My feet are so dirty they are almost stained black. When I went upstairs for dinner mom said, "You've fucked up again, Scamper and Cottonball are great words. Everyone agrees that I'm definitely a Romantic Idealist. I want to sing at the top of my lungs and ahve it echo off the mountaintops and through the ~~fx~~ valleys adn I want to do this all ~~xxx~~ naked and I want to fly and I'm burning inside adn the world wants to smother the ~~fx~~ flame, and my decrepit body wants to ruin it all. Maybe that feeling that you get when you do the above stuff is the same as having an orgasm. I guess if I don't go camping this summer I could have sex and it might do the same thing.

Bewaka

you're nothing but the  
SCUM on the bottom of a  
tub that ~~has~~ has been  
left there for days. Because  
only SCUM hurts peoples  
feelings and only SCUM  
deserves to be dumped

-Aissaton

P.S: Michelle doesn't  
know about this



Baraka -

Ok. I am a little ticked off, but I don't want to dump you. I'm not going to let this slide either, though. But either way I don't know what to do. Unless it rains, I'll call. I called you yesterday, but you were at karate. I have tennis later, so I'll call. Carlos wants to know if you got beat up. CF can read your handwriting.)

sorry I can't  
answer that (ICU)  
right now,  
Michelle



resisted the temptations of bulimia. How many people have I hurt on my spiral into self-absorbed pity and mental illness? Smoke two joints in the morning, smoke two joints at night. And Ben Dench flew overhead in an airplane shouting where is Anita'xoox'?' and I tried to hide but I had to eat my rice. I was a prostitute hired out to pimp nmicheal Jordan. I haven't cried over his death. I must remember to take artistic photograph of a spring thing. And the carousel and molecula. I should make a movie with molecula and the pi music and flying porta-potties. That will be my goal in life. My emails were "god, so beautiful." Pat was raping me. I must have seemed pretty & weird shredding my candle into bits on my skirt. When do I get to be a teenager? I didn't even care how I did today, I maked wrong answers and wrote confusing fractured essays and didn't even try. Half the time I was staring nervously off into space. I felt so dizzy and brain mushed, and still do now. They kept asking me did I have my key. I like and said I didn't. I went in my room, closed the door, and packed. There was screaming/tears/hysteria/pain/anger/writhing on the floor/knives/threats to take me to a mental hospital and after further pain/threats screaming/confusion/indcision I left. Everything was fine. WE had omelets. Her face blotched over like with the red death. Teresa swallowed a 10,000 dollar pie, but no one cared. For the past few days, I feel like I have been living inside some heroin nightmare. He doesn't have the pink bookbag anymore. One day I will have something explosive. I want some ice cream. I am sick of the grossness of bodies. I wish we could just communicate on some higher level of sexual telepathy. It seems to me my ideal figure would be a feminine male like Brian or Hedweg, with whom I could have a sexual relationship free of penises. And when my body actually goes up in flames it will not make much difference. And when I die at 29 or 49 or 105 the whole world will shimmer just a bit more at the fringes from my silver luminescence, and the prairies will smell of saphron. And I'll go to Arizona and New Mexico and visit the deep caves and cactus lands and leave with pockets full of pyrite gold. They put a giant flag on our house on Shell Road and I want to scream. I can't think of a better way the new owners could hurt me. Maybe this is what friendship is, and I have been so long emerged in superficial relationships that I need someone to connect with. I feel a weak fire explode in my uterus. I smashed Steven's potato. It is a perfect representation of society's stupidity and ignorance. So clear cut good vs. Evil. light vs. dark-